SOME SHORT STORIES

Brief Tales and Gossip Picked Up Here and There About Town.

Two Told at the Loyal Legion Spread-Mrs. Walsh, Her Turkey and the Haughville Board.

It was near midnight at the meeting of the Loyal Legion the other night when one of the visiting members declared that he could not be consoled without an exhortation by companion Harry C. Adams. Thereupon the members and visitors unanimously seconded the request of the representative from beyond Haughville. Thereat the companion proceeded as follows:

"Once upon a time I was a member of the State committee-well, as it is not proper to talk politics here, let us say of the Prohibition party. Among those upon whom the State committee called to expound the faith by which mankind will be made happy was General Fairchild, our honored and beloved guest to-night. He and another one-armed veteran, Gen. Ben Spooner, were assigned to speak in the eastern tier of counties. When the committee announced them to the county committees we implored them-the committees, of course-to make every effort to give them large audiences and to raise the Prohibition fervor to an unheard of frenzy. To show us that they fully responded to our appeals the committees sent to headquarters copies of their posters, which read, 'Grand Prohibition rally,' in very big and very black letters, rally being simply stupendous. 'Come one, come all to the county's salvation and hear two true and tried men, General Lucius Fairchild and General Ben Spooner. Come and hear these two mere fragments of men.'

"I always appreciated the positive methcarrying well filled cartridge boxes, led by cool and resolute men fully appreciating the authority conferred by shoulder straps, but I was never more impressed with the mob-subduing power of armed men with resolute leaders than in an occurrence on the border of this State. You may have heard of the hamlet by Lake Michigan called Chicago. A few of its denizens of the baser sort came across the border into a city called Roby, but which does not yet appear on the railroad maps. Those persons in the plying of their vocation defied the sovereignty of the people of Indiana in the person of their Governor. In common with other Hoosiers, I was indignant to see a foreigner declare that he could defy the laws and the people of Indiana. I am not under oath to declare that I voted for Governor Matthews, but I would affirm that I was angry every time that I thought of these Indiana defiers. I might not have enlisted myself under the State's banner or pleaded with my son Bert here to enlist, but like Artemus Ward, I would have cheerfully laid my very remote relatives upon the altar of Indiana and her armed militia. There was nothing else to be done but to use the military arm of the State. Law-respecting and order-loving people applaud Claude Matthews for his course in using the militia to expel from Indiana law defiers who would have fastened a foul stigma upon the fair name of Indiana. The battle of Roby was fought and (turning to the Adjutantreneral of the State, who sat near) I salute Brigadier General Robbins, the hero of

For a half hour yesterday the city editor's Separtment was a lively place. The flurry was brought about by the impromptu visit of Mrs. Eliza Walsh, of Haughville. Mrs. Walsh is the little lady who a few days ago met with the Haughville Town Board, and administered to the members a tonguejashing of no inferior style. The visit of the good woman to the Journal office was for the purpose of answering a query propounded to her by Trustee Moore, of the board, at the last meeting. Mrs. Walsh, it appears, took umbrage at the actions of the Haughville board in permitting a pair of scales to be erected in front of property on her street and at the last meeting of the body she told the members in pretty strong language just what she thought of them. At the conclusion of her speech Moore queried Mrs. Walsh. He desired to know whether or not she had any respect for the assemblage of solons which she addressed. When Mrs. Walsh came into the Journal

resterday she was ready to reply. She was also prepared for Christmas. Mrs. Waish cossesses the snuggest of figures and a uddy face as round as a dollar and quite as bright. She was somewhat excited over her mission together with the efforts she was compelled to put forth to keep into a arge basket a healthy turkey gobbler. She pat down the basket and in a rich Celtic ongue she began to explain her business. to the moment the Haughville fown Board was mentioned the turwas passive, but a reference o Mrs. Walsh's enemies startled the bird and he hopped out of his improvised toop. With a chuckle of relief he set out o explore the office. Mrs. Walsh was mildreminded that she was losing her Christmas dinner, and she made a dash for the reasure. What with the excitement of the hase, the shortcomings of the Haughville poard were for the time forgotten. Finally Mrs. Walsh recaptured her turkey and thucked him into the basket with a force

"Now," said she, "I want to answer the nuestion of the president of the Haughville board. I have no respect for any member of it. I never did have, and I never will They have no respect for me or my neighbors. If they had they wouldn't make a beer saloon out of the Town Hall half the night and then retire to a saloon and finish it up. Can we uphold and respect such With a very red face and highly tinctured brogue, Mrs. Walsh concluded She eyed her turkey closely for a moment and the sight of the bird seemed to recall something to the lady's mind. "Fried chickens," she whispered mysteriously, "are pretty good for a saloon lunch at all times of the night." With this parting insinuation Mrs. Walsh caught up her turkey. "But I don't understand what you mean. called the city editor, as the excited lady disappeared. She called back: "Oh, you don't need to know. I know what I mean.' The turkey gobbled again, and Mrs. Walsh set out on a rapid trot to guard her hen-

> mild mannered man, but there things that even a mild manwill feel very much like "cuss-On last Wednesday Mr. Johnseveral hours in tabulating the of the fall taxes due the city After much labor he had comwork, and spread before him esk was a sheet containing the ns of figures in that beautiful fr. Johnson writes. The figures the work of hours, and the model of neatness. About the et had been completed, a young tor Taggart came into the ofat directly to the water-cooler drawing the water he, in observing it. From d was sitting runfigures to make crept into them. g. Mr. Johnson? same time leaning

Auditor E. M. Johnson is an ex-

tting his coat sleeve which Mr. Johnson ed what he was doellow drew his arm et sleeve was drawn gures. The result was almost illegible. The ed, and the model of d it took Mr. John-

copy the sheet. the deceased banker, nder heart, and a story m has just come to siding on North Missisowned some property in ll as her home on North came to Mr. Gallup for to raise a mortgage upon and herself and a daugheft dependent upon the inand was given to much fluchusband refused to sign deeds

. . .

held by a building and loan association, and she saw that she would be unable to keep up her payments, though in time she could realize the amount from notes which she held. In her predicament she went to Mr. Gallup. She said she did not like to ask her friends to indorse her paper, because she had never been compelled to go outside of the family for this. She offered Mr. Gallup as security a note for \$600, bearing 6 per cent. interest, some jewelry owned by herself and daughter, and said she held a note for a small amount, which would be due in a few weeks, and she would bring him the money received upon it, when it was paid. Mr. Gallup remembered the wom-an as the daughter of a man who had sheltered him forty years ago, in Howard county, when he was traveling for the Fairbanks Scale Company. He asked her how much money she needed, and she told him \$860, with credits on her shares in the building association, would raise the mortgage. He counted out the money and gave it to her, and made the loan without interest.

United States Marshal W. H. Hawkins has been annoyed (?) since his introduction to the good things of the Indiana federal office by the way people confuse him with Receiver Hawkins, of the Indianapolis National Bank. At the time the marshal went to Washington to see that his papers were moving along for his appointment, he was surprised to find on file a protest signed by some woman in Indiana who claimed that Mr. Hawkins had kept her out of her | fully destroyed the gifts with which nature witness fees when he was in the United | had so richly endowed him and died in exile States marshal's office during President Clevelani's first administration. It was no great trouble to explain that it was a different Hawkins in office before. Occasionally he hears of a Democrat who is "pretty tired of keeping the Hawkins family continually in office," but the climax came when a friend had occasion to visit a man | certain acts which have estranged from him in Ohio during the recent campaign. The friend told the marshal of an expression made to him by an Ohio Democrat. Said

big Republican victory: "How in the devil did you expect us to beat McKinley when Cleveland is giving Ed Hawkins all the federal offices he can | had been called the Napoleonic condition of concentrate in Indianapolis-United States | mind, which consists in asking for nothing marshalship, bank receivership, presidency of the Board of Public Safety, etc.?" but glory from a chief, had disappeared.

If any unappropriated crowns are floating about one can find a fit resting place at | into life. I do not know whether the same orce upon the brow of Mr. William Well- | phenomenon is to be noticed in the irg, stamp clerk at the postoffice. A more ods of uniformed men armed with rifles and | patient, polite, affable gentleman never oc- | provinces always in the end follow Paris, cupied so trying a position, and his ears | it is only a question of time and oppormust burn, as the children say, if the tunity. praises showered upon him by the crowds who have bought stamps and asked him to weigh packages this last busy week have | but I do say that this need to pronounce the traditional effect. The populace which vividly remembers its sufferings during the reign of his Democratic predecessor at that window owes Mr. Welling a vote of thanks, if not a more substantial Christmas offering. From ladies especially gratitude is due, for he has patiently and with apparent cheerfulness "licked" all their stamps and placed them in position on the packages. Men were left to lick their own, but the gloved hands and the veiled faces of the female patrons won Mr. Welling's compassion, and he saved them infinite trouble Whether with deliberate purpose or not, he has surely made it hard for his successor.

"Dave Gooding, of Greenfield, made number of good Union speeches during the war," remarked Colonel Holloway, "and he set his mind upon holding a federal office. He had a number of letters, but not many of them spoke of his qualifications. He came to me while I was editor of the Journal and asked me to write a letter commending him for the office and to speak of his qualifications. I wrote a letter, in campaign the Journal attacked him. One night Gooding addressed a crowd almost under the shadow of the Journal building, and, after reading several articles scoring him, he pulled out my letter and read it. People supposed that I was writing the articles attacking him and the incongruities raised a large laugh. Moral, young manwhen you put a thing in black and white remember it stands as long as you live."

"I am up to my eyes in business," said well-known dentist the other day. "I work night and day making Christmas teeth "Wha-a-t?"

"Ye-es! It's not uncommon at all for man to make his wife a Christmas gift of a set of teeth and now and then a woman does the same for her husband when she | the Parisian women became Napoleonized. can afford it.' "Do the donors order the teeth and put them in each other's Christmas stockings as a surprise?"

"No; the recipient is notified and comes to get fitted, but the teeth must be done engagement in five minutes."

"I believe," said Mayor Denny, in a reminiscent mood, recently, "that I lived in the only county in the United States, or at least in the North, that adopted resolutions withdrawing from the Union during the war. That was Warrick county. A large mass meeting of rebel sympathizers was held one day, and the resolutions actually passed. They did not seem to worry the officials at Washington very much. Several counties along the Ohio river, at mass meetings, declared that in event the South was allowed to withdraw from the Union they wanted the boundary line to run north of them."

Says a local candy dealer in his advertisement: "It is our purpose to cater to the trade who love delicious candies, and it and which con pletely overshadows the especially the ladies." There is no question but this man's heart and his advertisement are all right, and you needn't laugh at the

way he expresses himself. THINGS WE EAT.

Potatoes are most greedily devoured in Germany, where the people eat \$280,000,000 worth every year. The Hollanders are the greatest tea and coffee drinkers, using 240 ounces to the inhabitant every year.

The Norwegians grow five hundred pounds of potatoes to each inhabitant and eat nearly the whole of this supply. To alleviate the miseries partly caused by overeating we imported last year \$45,000,000 of drugs and medicines. The world's lettuce is lubricated for con-

sumption with 140,000,000 gallons of genuine or fictitious olive oil. The English spend every year £23,000,000 for sugar to sweeten their food; the people of this country \$100,000,000. During the strawberry season this year the express companies carried to Chicago 200,000 boxes of berries every day. Our meat, bread and vegetables were last year flavored with 9,000,000 barrels of salt,

for which we paid \$4,000,000. Over 900,000 pineapples were last year shipped from Florida to New York, not to mention those sent elsewhere The cows of Belgium give for the benefit of their owners milk and cream which yield over 7,000 tons of butter per annum. The rural youth and restaurant frequenters of this country lubricate their akes with 29,000,000 gallons of molasses. It is estimated that 40,000 tons of cucumbers are raised and eaten within the limits f the United States every year. It is estimated that every American

drinks a pint of water a day, which makes the daily consumption 8,125,000 gallons. It is estimated that six tons of baking owder are daily used in this country the manufacture of the staff of life. France and Spain produce 93,000 tons of sardines every year, which are mostly consumed by England and America, In addition to our home-grown sugar we last year imported and consumed 3,556,000,-00 pounds of the foreign article. The farmers and stock raisers of this country produce 30 per cent. of the world's grain supply and 33 per cent. of its meat. The people of the United States are the greatest meat eaters, consuming over \$35 worth per annum to each inhabitant. The Danes flavor their meat with twentyfive pounds of salt per annum to each in-

habitant, importing in all over forty thou-It is said that Great Britain grows every year 30,000,000 bushels of turniqs, which are mostly devoured by the British sheep. The fishermen of the world caught in 1889 2.203.009 tons of fish, valued at over \$150,-000,000. All was eaten in twelvemonth Our dinner tables were gladdened last year, with 8,000,000 pounds of California prunes and as many more from the south of Europe. It is estimated that the youth of America annually stain their fingers and clothes with

the shells of 10,000,000 bushels of walnuts. The world's oyster fisheries produce annually 4,439,000 oysters, one-half being consumed within three days after they are

A Delicate Attention.

Vivian (of certain age)-You treated me as if I were an old maid to-day when Mr. Spooners was calling. Guinevere-Nonsense, my dear. Why, he property for support. This and I had been talking about old people the way of rent from fur- and we changed the subject the minute you came in the room.

Watches-Go to Marcy's. Low prices this

any of the other property year. Mammoth stock of goods, he woman, inherited from her mortgage upon her home was | Fine stock Clocks at Marcy's, Low prices.

NAPOLEON NOT DEAD

His Body May Be Dust, but the Spirit Is Enjoying Good Health.

Curious Revival in Paris of Popular Admiration for the First Bonaparte and His Great Epoch.

Paris Letter in New York Herald. France, or, to be more accurate, Paris, has surprises continually in reserve for those who think they know her thoroughly. If there was one thing which every one thought was dead and buried forever it was the popular love for the first Napoleon. The second empire had destroyed the legend

uncle of his last admirers, and the defeats of 1870 had, and very justly, effaced the souvenirs of the victories of the commence-

ment of the century. Napoleon III is dead; the Prince Imperial was killed in Africa; Prince Napoleon will after having lost consideration even among his few partisans; Prince Louis Bonaparte, a colonel in the Russian army, refused to have anything to do with politics; Prince Victor lives in Brussels and has committed his father's friends, and possesses neither the seriousness of purpose nor the personal the Ohio man in a deep whisper after the | charms that are requisite to make a pretender. It seemed that the Napoleonic legend had come to an end, and that what

> Well, all this is not all the state of the case. The Napoleonic legend is awakening provinces, but in Paris it exists, and as the

I do not mean to assert that the population of Paris has ceased to be republican, in favor of a man, for an idea-the same need which made Parisians throw themselves into the arms of General Boulanger -is now bringing them back to Napoleon. The political men of the day do not in the least interest the Parisians, and for this they have plenty of excellent reasons. If this enthusiasm spreads, or rather if it lasts, it will not be taking a very great step to proceed from enthusiasm for the man to the acceptance of the idea which he represents. If this return to a love for Napoleon should be followed by a revival of Napoleonic ideas there will be no reason to be more than slightly surprised.

At heart this country is more Caesarian than people think. HOW THE CHANGE CAME ABOUT. This transformation, or rather this innovation in ideas, did not take place all at once. The Napoleonic tendency first manifested itself some ten years ago, in the matter of furniture. People began to collect furniture dating from the epoch of the first empire, just as they previously had which I spread it on thick. In the next | been collecting furniture of the Louis XVI and Renaissance periods. As most of the articles of furniture of the Napoleonic epoch are ornamented with warlike attributes, the result was that those who possessed them, that is to say, the wealthiest classes of the population-had before their eyes a constant evocation of the glories of

the Napoleonic epoch. Then came the revival of the Napoleonic fashion in female dress. During two winters our wives, our sisters and our daughters attired themselves in dresses with waists that came under their armpits and with sleeves that stood up like crowns above their heads. This fashion naturally caused them to interest themselves in those who formerly wore the same style of toilets and under the pretext of making them understand what they were wearing their heads were crammed with the history of the Emperor and of the empire, and thus At this juncture was published the "Memoirs" of General Marbot. This came like a thunderbolt. It was in three big volumes, and 70,000 copies were sold. Everybody read the work and everybody talked about it. As it happened that just then our internal by Christmas day. Good-bye. I have an | politics were causing much complaint and were most unworthy of a great country, there was around among all the readers of Marbot's "Memoirs" a disgust for the present and retrospective hopes. Other memoirs of those who had played a part in the Napoleonic epoch made their appearance, but if they did not meet with the same success they were eagerly read by the bourgeois class. Thus, in about four years, the wealthy classes, the women and the middle class

were more or less won over to the Napol-This year the masters are taking part in this movement by means of that astounding means of propaganda known as the stage, and which is all powerful in a country where such a popular movement as Boulangism was started by means of cafe concert songs. Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gene" only owes its prodigious success to the outline of Napoleon which appears in trivial plot of the piece. In order to understand this it is necessary to see and feel the thrill which runs through the audience at every performance on the entrance upon the stage of the actor who personates Na-

At one of the theaters which is more dependent on the populace for its patronage, at the Porte St. Martin, a piece is now being played which is merely a gigantic album of animated pictures. In the cafe concerts Napoleon is sung about and he is even made fun of because we here in France have lost our respect for everything, but the masses, the humble workingman, is on the whole pleased to see the prsonification in flesh and blood of the man who bestowed on the France of his grandfather a glory such as this country and no other country has ever known.

NAPOLEON A POPULAR HERO. Now that the masses have fallen into line there is no denying the fact that Napoleon is popular. For anyone who knows Paris the signs are indisputable. Street fakirs are crying on all the great boulevards: "Demandez la chanson de Napoleon. Dix centimes. Deux sous." On all the exterior boulevards colporters are selling "The Life of the Great Emperor," and on all the boardings there are posters, between bills of the serpentine dance and those of a chocolate manufacturer, which advertise a new edition of the "Memorial of St. Hel-

Such are the facts. I state them without trying to give an explanation. In order to draw from them a practical conclusion it would, in the first place, be necessary to find out whether the same movement exists in the provinces, and in order to find this out it is necessary to wait a few months longer, for public opinion in France outside of Paris moves slowly. In the second place it is necessary to find some way of making them agree with the result of the elections that took place in France some three months ago, which were all absolutely republican and liberal, with a movement of public opinion which tends toward

the most despotic regime France has ever It will also be necessary to understand how it comes that the population of Paris who are essentially pacific, I ave com to acclaim the most complete representative of military glory. There are people, and they are by no means people of the least importance, who say that this condition of the popular mind is the homage paid to an epoch, to a glory which France has given up all idea of ever again possessing. This is possible, but it is also certain that the condition of public sentiment which I have pointed out exists. poleon who will profit by this condition of

public sentiment, but this nation, this French people, which has more than once astonished the world by its sudden changes of opinion, by its sudden resolves, by its headlong action, may still have some surprises in store for us. I do not mean that this will happen tomorrow. It will be useless, for years to come, to seek in the newspapers the announcement that a revolution has broken out in Paris, but the man who knows how the popular mind works recognizes the fact that that mind is now stirred up, that it is dissatisfied, and these are facts which must be carefully taken into account by those who desire to possess the necessary data with which to try to foresee what

may happen in the future. The Prevailing Craze.

"John, we must move into a larger house right away," said Mrs. Wooded, with em-"Move into a larger house, Maria! What on earth are you thinking of? Move into a larger house with things in the condition they are at present, business going to smash, no money coming in, and no hope Marcy's. Special sale this week.

of immediate improvement? Really, I guess you better move into an insane asylum," replied her liege lord,
"Well, of course, you can do as you please, John," returned the lady, with some asperity, "but will you kindly tell me what I am to do with all those world's fair views you have been buying?"

ALL ABOUT GEMS.

Interesting Rending for Women and All Who Love Jewels. Chicago Dispatch.

The black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished. The best opals are obtained from Hungary Black, pink and golden pearls are more valuable than white. Emerald is now one of the rarest of prec-The star sapphire shows in its depths a

white star with five rays. The emerald has long been regarded as a specific for sore eyes.

The play of color in the opal is due to minute fissures in the stone. Diamonds are so small that 1,500 go to the carat that have been cut in Holland.

An uncut diamond looks very much like of the first empire, the nephew deprived the a bit of the best gum arabic. The best pearls are found on the Ceylon coast and in the Persian gulf. The diamond in a sufficient heat will burn like a piece of charcoal. Every gem known to the lapidary has

been found in the United States.

The Orion diamond is believed to be responsible for sixty-seven murders. The island of Ceylon is the most remarkable gem deposit in the world. Pliny, in the first century, was the first writer to describe the diamond. The carat, used in estimating the weight of gems, is a grain of Indian wheat. The pearl is only carbonate of lime, is readily affected by acids and burns into The pearl is the only gem that does not re-

quire the lapidary's art to bring out its The largest diamond ever known was the Great Mogul, which weighed in its rough, The diamond has been found on all the continents and in almost every country in The diamond mines of Brazil have yielded over 15,000,000 carats of stones, valued at To the habit of burying gems with the owners we owe the preservation of many of the most antique fewels. The perfectly round pearls are the most valuable; next in order come the pearlshaped, and lastly the egg-shaped. The sapphire which adorns the summit of the English crown is the same that Edward the Confessor wore in his ring. Pearls are sometimes found whose outer skinned and thus improved. When first taken from the mines opals are

their luster, but regain it on exposure to the After the discovery of the Brazilian diamond mines 1,147 ounces of diamonds were shipped to Portugal in one year, and the price fell to \$5 a carat. The topaz took its name from a Greek word meaning guess, since the ancients could only guess at the locality whence this beautiful stone was obtained. The Sultan of Turkey has the richest collection of gems and regalia in the world. The peacock throne of Shah Jehan was valued at \$30,000,000, his crown at \$12,500,000,

so tender and fragile that they may be

The emerald improves in color on exposure

to the light. Pearls kept in the dark lose

picked to pieces with the finger nail.

were found in his treasury The diamond is believed to be of recent geological formation, and a microscopic examination often discloses in its substance minute plants and vegetable fibers. The diamond is not among the earliest gems known to man. It has not been found in the ruins of Nineveh, in the Etruscan sepulchers, nor in the tombs of the Phoeni-Opals are so sensitive that exposure to moisture or heat, or even sudden atmos-

and when he died \$250,000,000 worth of gems

pheric change, sometimes ruins them. A ruby of the best quality and more than three carats is worth more than a diamond of the same size and weight. Artificial agates are now made by so many different and effective processes that the stone has lost much of its value as a After the conquest of Mexico and Peru emeralds were so abundant that one Spanish nobleman took home three bushels of The diamond, though hard, is one of the

most brittle of stones. A fall on a wooden floor will sometimes crack and ruin a fine Garnets are brought from Bohemia, Ceylon, Peru and Brazil. The most common color is a shade of red, but brown, yellow, green, and even black varieties are known. Pure stones are never larger than a hazel

A YOUNG LIFE WRECKED. And All on Account of the Name Given Him by His Parents.

Washington Star. "You shall not go!" "I must go. I must. It's nearly 5." The two young men, so dissimilar, stood facing each other, the younger, but stronger looking of the two, with his back against the closed door of the handsomely furnished room. The elder man, his slight form clothed in correct afternoon costume, clutched nervously at the back of a chair as if for support. It was a strange scene. One brother bar-ring the door to the other. What a difference in the faces. In the eyes of one could be read unflinching determination, tinged with gleams of pity. The other told of entreaty, piteous entreaty, and abasement. The Swiss clock on the wall ticked the seconds away as the brothers faced each other. There was a click and the doors of the ornamented chateau on top of the timepiece opened and a bird, bearing the features of an administration Senator, appeared and cuckooed five times. The slight man sank into an armchair.
"Let us talk sensibly," said the other, as he placed a chair against the door and sat in it. "For the sake of your family, for the sake of your friends, for your own future, cannot you break loose from this horrible habit, that is sapping your energy and brain? Three years ago I left you well and happy, and now I find you in this terrible condition. "It's all of no use. Of no use. I have struggled madly, wildly." "But how did you, a sensible young man, come to fall so far?"

"It was our parents' fault." "What?" "Oh, you may say 'what' as much as you please, but it's true just the same. You were all right. You were lucky. They called you Bill, and there you were. What did they christen me? Why, 'Herbert Edwin.' and from that day I was doomed. There was no more hope for me than for a man named Balfour at an Irish picnic. "We didn't realize what it meant, but you can remember how things were. Your name was Bill, and your hair was cut when you put on your first trousers. My name was Herbert Edwir, and they put me in Fauntieroys and let my hair grow and tried to curl it, although it had no more curl to it than an Indian's, "That was the way it was right along through school and college. Why, I might have been on the football team if the cap-

the wavering petals of the chrysanthemum

on my coat I could catch occasional

glimpses of the dim, wintry sun, and I

in front of the house a benevolent-looking

went calmly to my fate. On the sidewalk

tain had not said, 'Herbert Edwin! Well. I guess not.' That settled it, and all the honors I got was a place on the sophomore reception committee, which was worse than "Honestly, Bill, when I graduated from college and came home I firmly determined to do the right thing. I said to myself, 'I will show these people an example of a man becoming a credit in spite of adverse circumstances. I will live down my name, or rather, I will rise superior to its baleful influence.' That was what I said, but it "In a moment of careless foolhardiness I went to an afternoon tea. No thought of my terrible danger came to me. Through

old gentleman handed me a tract with a pleading, warning look. It was headed: The Terrible Curse, or Why Thomas J Pippus Became T. Juniper Bippus.' thrust the tract in my pocket. Ah! If I had only read it and then taken heed. "As I went up the steps a man pushed by me, putting on his coat as he went. recognized him. His name was Ebenezer Isaac. 'Where's the nearest par?' he said Tuesday evening by Rev. J. F. Mills. wildly. 'I've been poisoned.' With a happy the tract man pointed to the corner, Pensions for Veterans. and Ebenezer disappeared. "Inside there were twenty-six ladies and one man. His name was Reginald Algernon, and he owned the place. I was introduced as Herbert Edwin and was made much of. I drank tea and then I drank more tea, and I ate little combinations of air and sugar called in flattery cakes. That night I went home with no appetite for inner, but thoroughly steeped in tea and small talk. The next morning I awoke with an utter loathing for tea. If the Chinese nation could have had only one pig tail I would have spent hours tweaking it. But I recovered and went again. "It is needless to speak of the steps in my downfall. You see the result. I am a confirmed 5-o'clock teaer. I make the afterdian wars-Mary A. Norwell, Palmyra; noon calls, and as soon as 5 o'clock comes Catharine Paisley, Greenville. if I cannot get to tea I go nearly frantic. Bill, if you love me, if you have any re-

Swatt wore at the reception vesterday." Herbert Edwin staggered across the room and fell weeping on a divan.

membrance of our boyhood days, you will

ake me some tea, rustle the furniture

Great sale Ladies' Gold Watches at

about and talk to me of the curious com-

plexion and perfectly lovely lace Miss Mc-

HIR SAIR

Of raising money and getting rid of fine Over-You need not waste time nor money, trying to better your condition. West Washington Street, where hereafter every garment, for man or boy, will be sold for just

ONE HATECOST

PERSONAL AND SOCIETY. (Concluded from Sixth Page.)

and Mrs. Ed Graves received Thursday evening.

WORTHINGTON. Miss Eva Davis is visiting Miss Anna Overstreet, of Spencer....Miss Ethel Keys has returned from Lyons....Mrs. W. T. Davis is visiting in Evansville ... Miss Bertha Haxton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Cassady, of Spencer ... Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Wilson, of Lamar, Mo., are visiting at this place ... Miss Dora Wilkins is spending Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkins....Miss Marie Todd will spend her vacation with relatives at Indianapolis Miss Ada Crook, of Vincennes, is visiting friends at this place Misses Minnie O'Harrow, Berta Dyer and Kathryn Howe are visiting Indianapolis friends....Miss Lillian Cravens has returned from Linton Mr. and Mrs. Harry Baker visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wayman, of Vincennes, on Sunday...Misses May and Clara Minich will spend the holi-

THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

days with relatives at this place.

CHAMPAIGN. The Social Science Club meets with Mrs. O. Baker Wednesday afternoon....Miss Mary Davidson, of Lincoln, is the guest of Mrs. A. C. Burnham Mrs. O. F. Spaulding, of the Doane House, recently entertained her uncle, Benjamin Freeman, of Boston....David Fleming and wife, of Georgetown, Ky., have become residents of Champaign....Mrs. George Warrington, of

Chicago, is the guest of her parents, E. O.

Chester and wife. CHARLESTON.

Miss Anna Roberts, of Decatur, has been visiting in this city.... Miss Maud Love is in Paris.... Mrs. C. E. Wilson, of Mattoon, visited in this city last week....Miss Emma Shasberger, of Chicago, is in the city Owen McGurty and wife are in Ohio ... and Mrs. Hooper visited Mrs. Frank Kern, in Mattoon, last week....Mrs. W. D. Allison, of Indianapolis, is visiting Mrs. M. W. Robbins...Mrs. Mary Moore, of Terre Haute, visited in this city last week....Mrs. Mary Hampton is the guest of Mrs. Emery Jenkins at Indianapolis ... Miss Mamle Weiss visited in St. Louis last week F. A. Adkins and Miss Nellie Parker were married Sunday evening, by Rev. J. A. Piper.

MARSHALL

Will Delaney, of Deland, Ill., is spending several days with his mother here Miss Hester Riley, of St. Louis, is visiting her sister, Miss Anna Riley Miss May Alma Brown is home from St. Mary's to spend the holidays Miss Jewel Newlin, of Robinson, is the guest of Miss Sarah Wilkin Mrs. Frederick Taylor, of West Union, is visiting her parents here Miss Jennie Marvin spent last Sunday and Monday in Casey as the guest of Miss Jessie Sturdefrom Hancock, Wis., to spend the holidays.

MATTOON.

Miss Ida Barker, of Windsor, was the guest of Mrs. F. M. Beals this week ... Mrs. H. P. McNair is visiting in Tolono Miss Nellie Stout, of Fort Wayne, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. G. E. Amsbury..., Miss Dalsy guest of Mrs. G. E. Amsbury. Hart is entertaining Miss Kit Jones, of Springfield....Mrs. Carrie Kingman visited in Neoga last week....Dr. and Mrs. Peals entertained Mrs. L. B. Ross and daughter Mabel, of Toledo, Sunday...Miss Harriet Rudy is in New York, the guest of Miss Florine Thielens Mrs. Bryant, of San Diego, Cal., is visiting Mrs. W. R. Coppage ... Mrs. J. L. Warden entertained Mrs. T. N. Henry, of Windsor, this week ... Mrs. Minnie Young of Springfield, O., is the guest of Stricklin and family Mrs. William Knight is visiting in Jewett, Ill ... Miss Minnie Richardson, of Windsor, visited in this city last week.

PARIS. Miss Grace Taylor, guest of her uncle, Rev. C. B. Taylor, for several weeks, returned to Tuscola Tuesday Miss Blanche Baker has returned home from Mount Auburn Institute Miss Burtie Burson has returned from Englewood to spend the holilays Miss Evelyn Gregg has returned from Oxford Mrs. Scott J. Dougherty, of Wabash, Ind., is the guest of her brother, W. J. Culbertson....Mrs. R. G. Foreman, o Parsons, Kan., is the guest of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. John McQuay Miss Lucy Hitch has returned from school at Indianapolis ... Mrs. W. R. Swinford, of Chicago, will be the guest of Mrs. B. W. Hodge next week ... Mrs. Mertz, of Cincinnati, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berlan ... Mr. and Mrs. Terrence Clark depart, next week, for Chicago, to spend the winter...Mrs. Harry Booth and family, of Silver City, N. M., and Mrs. F. P. Yergin and daughter Anna, of Chicago, intend to come to Paris to reside after Jan. 1.

URBANA.

Miss Gertie Kirkpatrick is at Ladoga, Ind....N. J. McConney and daughters, Kittie, Nellie and Mary, of Indianapolis, are visiting in this city....Ira Dodson and wife are at Lafayette Miss Mae Ermentrout, of Watseka, is visiting in this city....Mrs. . A. McLean is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. G. Lumley in Chicago....B. A. Dunlap and wife, of Chicago, are guests of M. Busey and wife ... Mr. and Mrs. Woods, of Troy, O., are visiting F. L. Bills and wife...Mrs. S. T. Busey is entertaining Mrs. A. H. Bowen, of Delphi....Miss Belle Ayers, of Chicago, is a guest of friends in this city...William Throckmorton and Miss Emma Stickney were married in this city

The applications of the following named

Indianians have been granted: Original-Oliver P. Noal, Butler; John D. Goddard, Morocco, Original widows, etc .-Clementine Bloomfield, Kendallville; Ellen Sapp, South Bend; Harriett Kiess, Cambridge City; Louiza Hackstein (mother). Hope; Anna M. M. Kemp (mother), Whitewater; minors of John J. Rude, Retreat. To Residents of Illinois: Original-John Wade, McLean: John I. Moore, Arcola: Charles Klutts, Jonesborough. Increase-Jerome B. Hanchett, Chicago, Original widows, etc.-Malissa Klers, Casey; Lauretta J. Jones, DuQuoin; Candace Sands (mother), Lyndon, Survivor Indian wars-Samuel Sidener, St. Elmo. Widows of In-

Hair Dressing. Harper's Bazar.

the middle when becoming—that is, when it is very thickly set above a low and broad Wherever you find them you may know Greek forehead. Otherwise, it is carried they are grauds.

back and upward in a soft waving roll, and the high forehead is softened by a fringe not heavy enough to be called a bang, or by a single curl down the middle, with slighter curving tresses on the sides. A jeweled hairpin or one of filigree gold or silver, in small comb shape or forming a tiny wreath, a wing, a pair of wings, or a fan is thrust in the coil at the back. The coronet front or the entire crown of jewels is worn by matrons. A cockade bow of light satin ribbon attached to a hairpin is very popular, either in wing shape or as a tiny chou, with two pointed ends springing from it.

A Liberal Donation.

Sunday School Teacher-The superintendent said he wanted all the children to earn the money they brought this Sunday. Did you earn all this?

Boy-Yes'm. 'All by yourself?"

"Yes'm. "That's lovely. How did you do it?" "I went around to all the neighbors and told them I wouldn't play any tricks on 'em next Halloweve if they'd give me some money for the poor heathen.'

It Was Nothing.

Tid Bits. Visitor-I am most grieved to learn of your mistress's illness. Nothing seriousno great cause for alarm, I trust? The New French Maid - No, monsieur, nozzing beeg, nozzing grande. Somezingwhat you call leetle petite. Visitor-What is it?

The New French Maid-Eet is what zey call ze little-small-smallpox.

Comrade Wilson's Experience.

bloody field.

(Written for the American Tribune, and published in the interest of the veterans of the late war.) My old comrades: Yes, I call you old, for there are no young men among us. To the most of you I might add, afflicted, bald-headed, gray-bearded comrades whose march is in the rear rank, which is nearing the western shores of mortality, where thousands who were in the advance have crossed over to ifin those who fell on the

I volunteered in the West, and belonged to the First Kansas Battery, where breasted the conflict to its bitter end and the Union was saved. You may judge what I went through. I now live at Keosauqua, Ia., where for the last ten years I have been a great sufferer from a horrible cancer located on my nose and right eye. The bloody thing so filled my eye it cut off my sight and crowded the ball out of place. To make a long story short, I have been tormented with every horrible remedy known to mortals in a vain attempt to get cured, and have drunk almost every blood remedy advertised. I tried a cancer specialist; I don't know what he used, and wish he had never known, for it was a vant ... Mrs. Maud Hernich and Miss Amanda Robinson, of Springfield, are guests here....Miss Mattie Mayer is home scription known by them, except the dreaded knife. I tried the following remedies: oak bark plaster, the blood root plaster and | time. chlorate of zinc, the dry sugar of lead plaster, the sheep sorrel remedy, carbolic acid, citric acid, corresive sublimate and other medicines with big names, but no matter. Everything was not only a failure, but made it worse, and was hotter than fire. got discouraged, and gave up all hope, and for the last two years I have been so hopelessly knocked out I have not been able to attend to business. Recently some unknown friend at Keokuk, Ia., sent me the following, clipped from some newspaper. I may never find out who sent it, but may God

> reward them. MRS. ROBERT LINCOLN'S AUNT was sorely afflicted with cancer. She longed for death to free her from dreadful pain. She said: "I have had this cancer for ten years. Seven doctors with burning plasters tried to cure me, but I got worse con-tinually. Recently I learned that Dr. D. M.

> Bye was curing all manner of malignant diseases by anointing with a combination of oils. I came to him; have been under his treatment for three weeks. The wound on the right side of my face, which was deep, wide and four inches long, is now almost healed. From the first application all pain left me. The oils applied are as harmless and gentle as dew. I look upon it as being the greatest boon for suffering mortals in modern days." Margery Reeder is seventy-six, and the oldest sister of Senator Harlan. In consideration of the source of this testimony and the name of "balmy oil,

> as gentle and harmless as dew," it sent a thrill of joy and confidence that coursed through me in a way unexplainable. I have now been with Dr. Bye eleven days; four days after the balmy oils were applied the cancer was killed, on the sixth day it fell out and is healing nicely. Dr. Bye is an old comrade, and while here we together have had an old-fashioned love feast, talking about war times. Indeed, the balmy oil works like magic, and, as Mrs. Reeder says, "is as gentle and harmless as dew." I can now see out of both eyes, feel splendid, and will start home in a few days well, and if there is a happier man on earth I would like to see him, While here I have seen others treated with the same good results. One man by the name of Walker, a noble fellow and an engineer who had quit his job on the Big Four railroad on account of his affliction catarrh of head and throat, said to me that his case was terrible, and he had paid out hundreds of dollars to be cured, but everything failed. He has been treating with the oil two weeks and says he is apparently well. If people afflicted with catarrh would hear Mr. Walker talk of his experience, the Doctor's office would be overrun with such patients. Comrades, you have heard my testimony. If you are not afflicted you may know of someone who is. Cut this out and send it to them, it's the way I found out about the oil cure. Comrade M. S. Wilson is an official member of William C. Harper Post, No. 79, G A. R., Department of Iowa. His testimony is a good one in favor of the combination

oil cure. Dr. D. M. Bye is permanently located at No. 492 North Tennessee street, Indianapolis, Ind., where the following diseases are successfully cured: Cancer, Tumors, both external and internal, Ugly Ulcers of long standing, Catarrh, Fistula, Hemorrhages, Piles, Eczema, and all malignant diseases and consumption in its early stages yields to the magic might of the balmy oil treatment. Over two thousand cured in the last two years. The oils are sent everywhere for home treatment many of the above cases. Dr. Bye has but two offices, one at the Full waving tresses, drawn back in a very simple knot, that projects slightly at the crown, make up the coffure most Indianapolis, Ind. Imitators are a vertising affected at present. The hair is parted down | an oil to cure cancer, hoping to make money

HE GREW INDIGNANT.

The Old Man Objects to the Weather Which Is Being Served Out. San Francisco Chronicle.

While the rain was doing its level best resterday afternoon a moist little old man with two umbrellas and a gum coat dashed into the Mills Building. Water dripped from the elevator all the way up to the tenth floor, and when the little man splashed into the weather works at the end of the hall the curl came out of B. S. Pague's mustache. "Where's the fellow that did this?" demanded the little man, glaring savagely

"Did what?" inquired Mr. Pague, in his best meteorological tone of voice. "Pulled the plug out of the sky. "You mean the shower. Oh, that's a little dash of precipitation we throw in once in a while to equalize the climate. It makes the farmers jubilant, you know." "Oh, does it?" said the little man, smil-

ing sarcastically. "Perhaps you don't stand in with those people who sell 50-cent um-brellas in the hallways." "Sir! How dare you." "Keep your hair on, Professor," broke in

the visitor, as he stepped out of the puddle that dribbled from the tail of his gum coat. "You're running this job, are you not?"
"Well, yes," Mr. Pague confessed, with becoming modesty. "I'm at the head of the bureau. Would you like to look at some of our weather, samples for the fall and—" "You predicted fair weather for to-day, didn't you?" persisted the little man, who was beginning to breathe hard. The head of the bureau looked out at the unbroken streaks of wet driving obliquely across the window, and glanced musingly at a large tissue-paper chart with red spots on it. Then he made some figures on

the margin with a blue pencil and started in to explain. "Of course the low pressure in the Northwest, combined with a rising barometer, naturally has a tendency to-" "Hang the Northwest!" howled the little man. "Is this San Francisco or Siberia?" The head of the bureau reluctantly admitted that to the best of his knowledge

and belief this was San Francisco. "And are you our regular licensed pre-

"Well, don't you know that we have a ball game here every Sunday and that a storm like this is in direct opposition to the wishes of the people? "Storm? Why, up in Oregon, where I came "Oregon be blowed! This is San Francisco, where we know what weather is. Do you mean to say that you came here from Oregon and went to monkeying with the valves without asking us what we wanted?" "It looks that way," replied Mr. Pague,

"How long have you been here?" "About two weeks." "Are you the one who uncorked the cyclone that blew the shingles off the ships and things last week?" demanded the little man, grasping his umbrellas firmly by the Pague glanced around for the police call,

beginning to feel uneasy.

but it was in the other room.
"Who are you?" he asked in order to gain "I'm a taxpayer in the city and county of San Francisco-that's what I am," the little man yelled, as he slapped himself on the chest, "and I'll write a piece to the papers about incompetency in the weather department. Great Scott! Who ever saw the like? It's an outrage, sir, and I'll report you to the-the-er-I'll report you anyhow. condition do you expect the ground will be in for the football match next Thursday if you keep on with your infernal deluge! Fair weather, indeed, and six inches of mud and water everywhere. I'll be teetotally dad binged if I don't-

"It is a very difficult matter, I find," said Mr. Pague, "to satisfy everybody in this business. Some want drought and some want rain, while others again send in orders for wind. There was nothing in this little shower to excite anyone, but perhaps I am too well accumtomed to moisture after living so long in a country where the ducks roost on the trees nine months in the year. "However, I have ordered out a line of nice, fair weather, with diagonal clouds and a thread of sunshine in it for to-morrow. After arranging clear weather for to-day, I changed my mind last night and decided to wring out a couple of damp clouds. The storm was originally moving eastward, and had it continued its course to-day would have been clear. But it fell in with a cold wave coming this way and we couldn't separate them. From Wednesday night until 2 o'clock this afternoon the rainfall has amounted to 3.04 inches, but it is all over

By Chance.

Detroit Free Press. They were talking on the rear platform of the car, when one suddenly turned to the other with:

"Were you ever in California?" "Oh, yes." "Great country, isn't it?" "Grandest in the world." "Let me sell you some property there." "I was about to propose the same thing to

you. Where is your property?" 'About fourteen miles from Blankville." "Mine is just fourteen. What did you 'About \$800 per acre.' "So did I. Did you buy for an orange

"So did I. Any hill on your land?" "Yes-all hill." "So is mine. You paid \$800 per acre, and

you'll take about \$25?" "Yes-\$20." "So will L Beautiful climate, isn't it?" "Perfectly lovely. "Then I can't sell you?" "Not to-day. Never told anyone you got left, did you?

"Nor I either. Always claim to have made \$20,000 on my deal. Good day." "Good day."

The Son of a Preacher.

New York Times. A small three-year-old is the son of a clergyman whose sect need hardly be indicated after the recital of his young son's He was in the hall the other afternoon when a maid answered a ring at the door. Hearing an inquiry if his father was at home, he forestalled the servant by calling "Yes, papa's up stairs; come right in poor sinner and take a seat." The same Calvinistic youngster was ard warning his older brother, who was climbing a picket fence, with: "Look out, son of morality, you'll get a fall."

Marcy's store open every night. Special prices at evening sales. Low prices.

Marcy leads the jewelry trade this year.